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July 1920.

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THE CHILDREN'S PAPER



WILLIAM TELL AND HIS SON.

(From the statue by Kitzling.)

All readers of *The Children's Paper* know their well-known story.

THOMAS NELSON AND SONS, LTD., LONDON, EDINBURGH, AND NEW YORK.

How Ted won the Cup.

"NOW, Smith," said Mr. Watkyn, "one final word of warning. Take it easy to-night and to-morrow morning, and come to the scratch as fresh as you can. We depend on you to pull off the championship this year."

Mr. Watkyn was the form-master of the Belvedere School who specially coached the boys in games. The next day was the school sports for the town of Ashbrook, and the championship cup was to be competed for. Each of the schools in the town was to send in a selected trio to represent it in five contests—the hundred yards, the two hundred and twenty yards, the mile, the long jump, and the high jump. By general consent Ted Smith was by far the best athlete in the Belvedere School, and on him, and almost on him alone, depended the high hopes which his schoolfellows entertained of seeing the cup once more occupy the glass case that formerly contained it. Five years ago the Belvedere had won the cup, but since that time it had never produced a champion. This year the "Belvederes" saw in Ted Smith the hero who was again to bring honour and glory to their school.

Ted was a tall, well-made lad of fourteen. He was an excellent sprinter, and he was expected to win the hundred yards and the two-hundred yards easily. This would give him two "firsts;" and if he could win the high jump—and his record was very nearly five feet—the cup would return to Belvedere without a doubt. To accom-

plish all this, Ted would have to come to the post in the very pink of condition; hence Mr. Watkyn's warning.

Ted had great faith in Mr. Watkyn, and he determined to follow his advice to the letter. So after tea he sat down quietly in the garden with a book. He meant to go to bed early, spend an idle morning, have a light dinner at noon, and be on the sports ground by two-fifteen—that is, a quarter of an hour before the first race. It was a very sensible programme.

Shortly after six o'clock Ted's mother came out of the house with a small parcel in her hand.

"Would it tire you too much to ride over on your bicycle to Sampford?" she asked.

"No, mother," said Ted. "It's only a couple of miles. I can be there and back inside a half-hour."

"Well, I wish you'd just take this parcel to your Aunt Clara. It's Katie's birthday to-morrow, and I've forgotten to post it. I don't want the child to be disappointed."

"Oh, I'll go with pleasure," said Ted. "A little stretch will do me good."

He got his bicycle out of the shed, strapped the parcel on the handle-bar, and pedalled off gaily. Sampford was a little village on the London road, and the "going" was easy all the way.

Ted did not exert himself, but he was dismounting in front of his aunt's cottage within a quarter of an hour. Aunt Clara gave him a big, smacking kiss, and said,—

"It's very good of you to run over, Ted. Katie will be very pleased with

her present. I hear you're going to win the cup to-morrow."

"Well, I'm going to have a good try," replied Ted. "The fellows will be very disappointed if I don't, and I should dearly like to see the cup in the Belvedere once more."

"We shall be there," said his aunt; "and we shall be very proud of you if you win. By the way, try some of these jam-puffs. I've just been baking, and my cookery isn't bad."



"It's the best for miles round," returned Ted. "But I'm going to deny myself to-night. Pastry is bad for the wind, Mr. Watkyn says. But I'll eat a half-dozen for tea to-morrow if I win."

"So you shall," said his aunt. "I suppose you're wanting to get back so as to get a good night's rest. I won't keep you. Good-night, and good luck." Ted kissed his aunt, and mounted his bicycle for the homeward journey. He hadn't gone a hundred yards when he

met Sam Slocum, who lived in the village, but went into town every day to attend the Belvedere.

"What ho!" said Sam. "Heard the news? The five-forty's got smashed up or something, and the line's blocked at Mardle."

"What's that?" said Ted.

His father was guard of the five-forty, and naturally he was anxious.

"I don't exactly know what it is," replied Slocum; "but Tompkins the signalman told my governor there was something wrong, and I happened to overhear what he was saying."

Ted stood irresolute for a minute. Mardle was ten miles farther up the line. Ought he to go and find out what was the matter? Perhaps his father was hurt, or killed. Oh! he couldn't go home without knowing what had happened to his father. But if he went to Mardle he would be a couple of hours or more getting there and back, and he certainly wouldn't be as fit for the sports as he meant to be.

"That's nothing," said Ted to himself as the thought flashed through his mind. "The chief thing is to find out about father. I'm off."

Without waiting even to say good-night to Sam Slocum, he turned his bicycle round and began the journey to Mardle. As he pedalled along he conjured up all sorts of horrible pictures. Perhaps his father was even now lying crushed and dead beneath the wreck of the train! The awful thought lent him wings, and he rode as hard as he could. In fifty minutes he was at Mardle Station, and was knocking at the stationmaster's door.

"Please," he said with a gasp, as the stationmaster appeared, "is father all right?"

"And who's father?" asked the stationmaster.

"Joseph Smith, guard of the five-forty," replied Ted.

"As far as I know," said the stationmaster, "he's a-settin' at his own table at this moment, eating his supper, hale and hearty."

"Thank God," said Ted. "But I thought there was an accident to the five-forty?"

"'Twas nothing much," explained the stationmaster. "A defective wheel on one of the coaches, that was all. We shunted the coach here, and sent on the train with only half an hour's delay."

"I'm so glad," said Ted. "Thank you, and good-night."

He mounted his bicycle again, and proceeded homeward, greatly relieved at the good news.

He had scarcely covered a mile of the dozen which lay before him when the fork of his machine gave way, and over he went, sprawling in the road. He picked himself up, and found that he wasn't much hurt, though his thigh was a bit sore. As for the bicycle, it was a wreck.

"No more riding for me to-night," said Ted ruefully, as he picked up the machine. "What *am* I going to do?"

At first he thought he would push on to the next station, and there wait for a train to Ashbrook; but when he recollected that he had but twopence in his pocket, he knew that this was out of the question.

"I'll just have to trudge it," said Ted. "I ought to be home in three hours, and in bed before eleven. I can lie in to-morrow morning to make up for it. Here goes!"

Bravely Ted pushed on, and as he did so the pain in his thigh increased. It was a long, weary trudge, and midnight had sounded from the church tower before he reached home. His parents had been very anxious, and had scoured the neighbourhood in search of him. I don't think there was a more weary and fagged lad in the British Empire than Ted Smith, as he crept upstairs in the early morning of the sports day.

* * * * *

All the morning the boy lay in bed, and by midday he felt himself again. His mother had rubbed liniment on the bruised thigh; and though it was a bit stiff, Ted thought he would be fairly fit after all. He got up about one o'clock, had a bath, and donned his running costume. He put his trousers, jacket, and waistcoat on over it, and after making a little parcel of his shoes, set off for the sports ground.

He joined the two other Belvedere champions in the dressing-tent.

"Hallo, Ted," cried Simpson, who was to run with him in the first two races, "what's up? You look very pale. Nerves, is it?"

"Oh, I'm all right," said Ted assuringly. "A fellow can't help his looks."

Mr. Watkyn now appeared.

"There's the bell," he said. "Come along, Smith, and answer to your name. You're in the first heat. Get

off the mark as quick as you can, and you'll win hands down."

There were six boys in each heat, one from each of the six schools competing. The winner only was to run in the final. The clerk of the course called over the names, and the boys placed themselves on their marks.

"Are you ready?" asked the starter; and then crack went his pistol.

Ted got a flying start, and gained quite a couple of yards over his competitors at a single bound. This he maintained easily until he had breasted the tape. There was loud applause from the crowd, and especially from the "Belvederes," as Ted walked back to the dressing-tent, followed by a trail of youngsters, who patted him on the back and cried encouragingly, "Good old Smith!"

Simpson won his heat too, so there were two Belvederes in for the final.

"So far, so good," said Mr. Watkyn; "but you'll have your work cut out to beat Kane of St. Margaret's in the two-twenty yards. I've seen him run, and you can't give him much, Smith. He's in your heat."

The two-twenty yards was Ted's favourite distance. He didn't get as good a start as in the hundred yards, but he soon headed the field, though a half-turn of the head showed him Kane of St. Margaret's in close attendance. Ted soon saw that the race would be between them, so he let Kane come up level. He did not mean to spurt until the last fifty yards.

Now he saw the tape before him, and taking in a deep breath he let himself go. But Kane kept up with

him, stride for stride. Ted made one big final effort, but the two lads breasted the tape at precisely the same moment.

"Dead heat," said the judge. "Smith and Kane both run in the final."

Simpson lost his heat in the two-twenty, and all hopes of Belvedere's success were now centred in Ted.

While the mile was being run he sat down quietly in the dressing-tent. His thigh was beginning to give him trouble, but it had not so far interfered with his running.

The mile was no sooner over than Mr. Watkyn appeared.

"We're out of that," he said. "Jones did his best, but he was out-classed. Brown of St. Margaret's has won it, and Evans of the same school is second. Now for the hundred yards final. One or other of you two must pull off this race, or good-bye to the cup for another year."

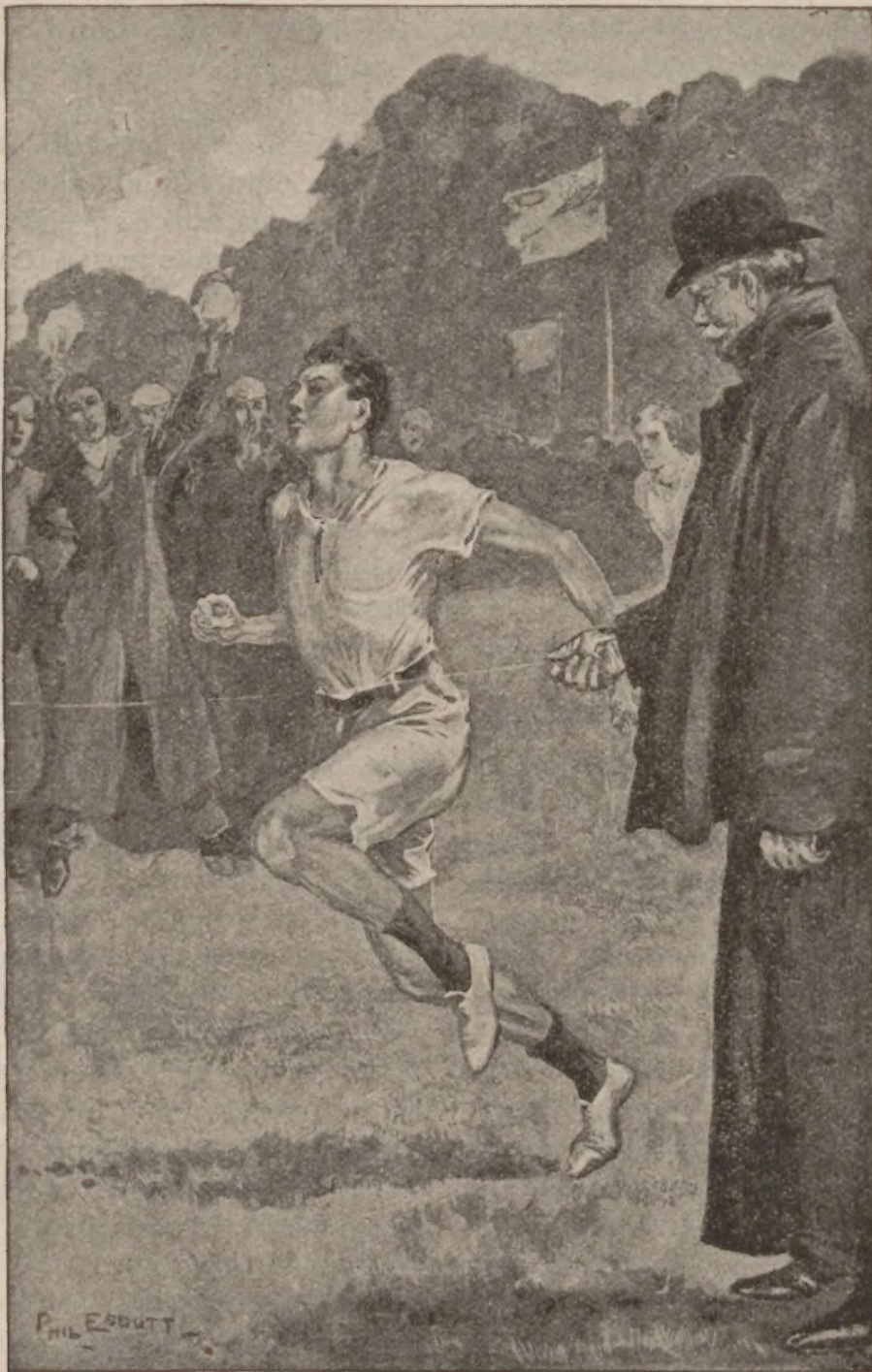
The boys answered to their names, and got on their marks. There was intense excitement all along the course, for a good deal depended on the result. The winner of each race counted three marks to his school, and the second two. It was possible for a school to score twenty-five marks, but twelve or fifteen would probably win the cup, and Belvedere had an excellent chance of scoring five marks in the race about to be run.

"Are you ready?" said the starter, and once more his pistol cracked.

Again Ted got an excellent start, and running for all he was worth, his teeth clenched, his hands gripping his corks like a vice, he sped up the

course, quite unconscious of the pain in his thigh. Throwing his hands up,

A loud roar of applause went up from the course, and the "Belvederes



he breasted the tape a full yard ahead of the next runner, who, as good luck would have it, was Simpson.

threw up their caps in delight and shouted themselves hoarse. "Five marks to Belvedere! Good old Smith!

Good old Simpson! Belvedere for ever!"

Next came the high jump, and Ted felt that this was going to test his thigh severely. If he could pull off this event, Belvedere stood an excellent chance of winning, even if St. Margaret's won the two-twenty as well as the mile. The long jump was sure to go to St. Peter's, for they had a champion who could clear seventeen feet, and nobody on the ground could touch that.

The high jump began. All the boys cleared three feet, and slowly the bar was raised, inch by inch, until it stood at four feet nine, and only a St. Margaret's representative, a St. John's boy, and Ted were left in.

"Whoever clears that," said Mr. Watkyn, "will win."

Ted made a supreme effort, but just managed to get over. The pain in his thigh was so great that the tears started to his eyes. He knew that he could not do so well the next time.

The St. Margaret's champion had three tries, and kicked the bar off twice, but finally just landed over it. The St. John's boy, however, cleared it easily, and then jumped half an inch higher. He was declared winner; and Ted and the St. Margaret's champion tied for second place.

"Well tried, Smith!" said Mr. Watkyn. "The score is: Belvedere, 7 marks; St. Margaret's, 7 marks. It all depends on the two-twenty now."

Things looked rather black for Belvedere, and Ted lay down in the tent and groaned.

"What's the matter?" said Mr. Watkyn, and Ted explained.

The form-master procured a towel and rubbed the injured thigh.

"Lie still," he said; "you won't be needed for half an hour, and you may be better then. But if not, you mustn't run. You have done famously, and we shall all be proud of you, whether we win the cup or not."

"But I do want to win, sir," cried Ted. "You must let me try."

"We'll see," said Mr. Watkyn. "In the meantime be quite still."

Mr. Watkyn went out to learn the news, and speedily returned with the information that the St. Peter's representative had carried off the long jump, according to general expectation, while an outsider was second.

"Our only hope is the two-twenty," thought Ted; "and I feel sure I can't win. But I'll have a try, thigh or no thigh."

The bell rang for the last race of the day—that which was to decide the destination of the cup for another year.

Ted found his thigh a little easier, and got on his mark, fervently hoping that he might last out.

"Are you ready?" said the starter; and again the pistol was fired.

Ted pursued his former tactics, and waited on Kane. Stride by stride they dashed on, and speedily outdistanced the other four competitors, who dropped out. There was tremendous excitement.

"Belvedere! St. Margaret's! Go it, Smith! Buck up, Kane!" shouted the bystanders.

They were only thirty yards from the tape now, and Ted's thigh was excruciatingly painful. Suddenly Kane shot in front like an arrow from a bow.

"*Kane wins! St. Margaret's! St. Margaret's!*" shouted the crowd.

Ted's head swam; everything grew misty before his eyes; he reeled as he ran; but still he plugged on. He wouldn't give in, though he knew that Kane was winning easily.

Just then the unexpected happened. By some mischance Kane tripped and fell.

"Now for it!" cried Mr. Watkyn, who was hanging over the ropes; and Ted, hearing his voice as in a dream, made one despairing effort. He heard loud shouts, and then a heavy, dark curtain seemed to fall, and he knew no more.

* * * * *

When he recovered he found himself in the dressing-tent, with his head on a pile of coats. Mr. Watkyn was kneeling beside him with a glass of water in his hand.

"Suppose we've lost, sir?" said Ted faintly. "I did my best."

"I should think you did," said Mr. Watkyn. "You beat Kane by a foot after all, and you've won the cup for Belvedere. You're a hero, Smith, and we're all proud of you. What a reception you'll have at school on Monday! Do you think you are well enough to go and receive your prizes—two firsts and a second?"

"I'll make a shift to do that," said Ted; and he did.

Golden Text for the Month.

Glory, honour, and peace to every man that worketh good.—ROMANS ii. 10.

The Old Clock of Prague.

FEW clocks are as interesting as the one in Prague, the ancient capital of picturesque Bohemia, that Mr. Nevin O. Winter tells about in *Travel*.

"I was passing by the old city hall," he says, "when I noticed a small crowd standing on the sidewalk, and looking up at the curious old clock that had attracted my attention before.

"'What has happened?' I asked a bystander. 'We are just watching the clock,' he replied. 'Wait until the half-hour strikes, and you will see what happens.'

"It was only a few minutes before the half-hour; so I waited. Presently two little windows above the dial opened, and figures of the apostles, and of Christ giving His blessing, appeared. By the side of the great dial were four statuettes. Death rang a bell, a Turk shook his head, a miser shook his purse, a vain fool held a looking-glass. At the last stroke of the clock a rooster above the dial crowed. This old astronomical clock, which has been running now for more than four hundred years, used to be considered as one of the wonders of the world."

Motto for July.

*The greatest gift you can bestow on a friend
Is a good example.* BYRON.

Sent in by EDNA READ,
St. Dominic's School, Dovercourt,
to whom a book prize has been awarded.

The Pillar of Fire.

THE STORY OF MOSES AND HIS TIMES.

BY ROY DAWSON, M.A. (OXON.).

CHAPTER XIV.

THE LAND OF PROMISE.

WE now come to the last year of Moses' life. "Forty years in the wilderness"—we can imagine what that must have meant! Aaron and Miriam were both dead; great changes had taken place in the camp; a new generation was growing up; the great leader was now a very old man indeed. Moses had come through a time of immense strain and constant anxiety as the ruler of that great moving army of Israelites. In the book of Numbers we hear of some of the revolts he had to put down and the many disappointments his people gave him. At times even his strong faith in God had been tried. For Moses was very "human," for all his strength and courage. There is a word that has always been associated with Moses—the word "meek." This story has shown us that, if Moses was "meek," he was not meek in the popular sense of the word. He was one of the bravest men that ever lived, and any wrong or injustice roused in him a fierce anger that made men tremble in his presence. It was only in wrongs against *himself* that he was so ready always to forgive. That is why the old Bible writer calls him meek; because he was so wonderfully unselfish, and never thought of his own dignity or position. He was far too great a man to have any small or

personal grudges. Only once in all those hard, tiring years did he forget that he was *God's* minister, and that was when the people grumbled and complained at a place called Meribah. It is just when hardships occur that one expects friends to stick together. We all know what terrible times our own brave soldiers have had to endure at the front, and yet how loyal they were to their officers, and how anxious to make light of it as true sportsmen! That was what Moses expected in his people when rations were low and they wanted water. But he only got grumbles and sour looks from the people who owed him their very lives. We can sympathize with his sudden despairing anger as he struck the rock at Meribah, when his words suggested that *he* was the father and leader whom they must thank for the water, instead of reminding them that everything came from God. We think it rather natural perhaps. But Moses never forgave himself for what he had said. He knew in his heart that he would not now be the leader who should bring Israel to the promised land.

And now the army of Israel once more marched upon Palestine. Moses' last battles were to be fought; and in spite of his great age, we see once more the magnificent general and the born leader of men as he drew up his army on the frontier. Like our own great field-marshal, who gave his life for his men at the front, "his eye was not dim nor his natural force abated" when he entered upon his last campaign. Like him, too, he had "kept himself fit" all those years, and had disciplined

himself severely, in order that he might be ready to face the enemy.

There were many savage chieftains to be met and overcome. Two great Canaanite chiefs had invaded the eastern country of the Jordan valley, and were terrorizing the unfortunate Zuzim, whose land they had taken. We all know the names of those two

At any moment they might hear the terrible war-song of Sihon's troops :—

“Come home to Heshbon !

For there is gone out a fire from Heshbon,
A flame from the city of Sihon !”

The day came when Moses' troops heard that hymn of hate shouted by thousands of savage throats, and when they had to meet Sihon's warriors. It



chiefs or kings, because they are mentioned in one of the Psalms. Sihon, King of the Amorites, and Og, King of Bashan, were both robber kings and bullies. Sihon's castle was at Heshbon, and his savage warriors were a terror to the whole district. The unhappy people who lived round about were never safe from attack and outrage.

was a fierce battle ; but the slingers and archers of Israel won the day. Sihon was slain, and Moses took his robber castle.

(To be concluded.)

ALAS ! by some degree of woe

We every bliss must gain ;

The heart can ne'er a transport know

That never feels a pain.

Interesting Plants.

I SOMETIMES feel sorry for plants, for they are always being eaten; and some of them are so angry at this that they have learnt to make traps for animals, especially insects, in order to use them as food. Of course these plants have no mouths, but they pour out a sort of juice on the caught insects which makes part of them into a kind of soup. This soaks into the plant and makes it grow.

Insect-eating plants are found in this country, especially high up in damp places on the moors. One is the Butterwort, with pale green slippery leaves from which it



FIG. 1. BUTTERWORT.

gets its name, and flowers something like violets (Fig. 1). The edges of the leaves

are curled over, and if you turn them back you will find a lot of little dead



FIG. 2. SUNDEW.

insects. The Sundew is even fonder of wet places, and its curious little reddish leaves are covered with what look something like tiny pins, each with a glittering drop for its head, which shines like dew in the sun (Fig. 2). That is why the plant is called "sun-dew." The flowers are white and very small. You have very likely seen flies caught by sticky flypaper, and the leaves of this plant are like living flypaper. If an insect settles on one of them it touches some of the shining drops, which are as sticky as gum; and has not much chance of getting away, for one by one the little pin-like things bend towards it and push their drops against it.

In parts of North America we find Venus's Fly-trap, with leaves in two parts having spiny edges. In the middle of each half are three hairs, and

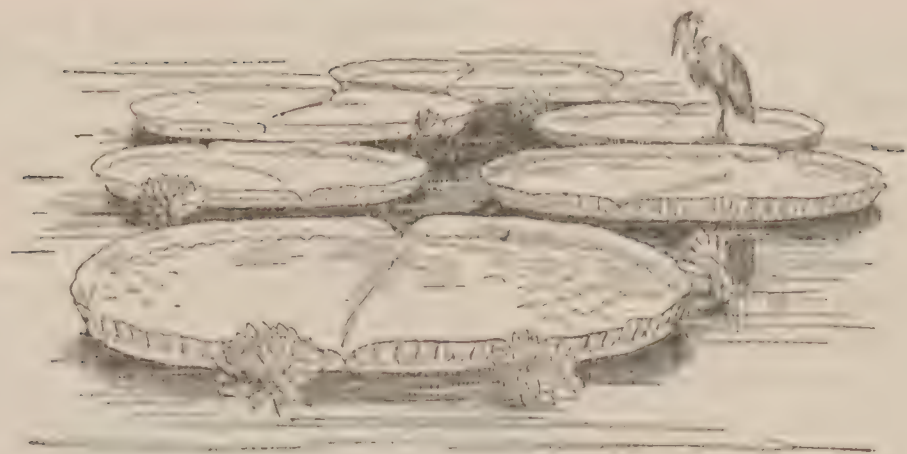


FIG. 3. ROYAL VICTORIA WATER-LILY.

if an insect alights on a leaf and touches one of these hairs, the halves of the leaf suddenly come together and catch the insect as in a trap. The leaf does not open again for a fortnight, and by that time the insect is dead and done for.

The curious Pitcher-plants of hot countries have leaves like jugs or pitchers with a very slippery lining, and insects which get into these never come out alive.

Some of the water plants are very beautiful, especially the Water-lilies, some white, others blue, and others yellow or pink. The biggest of all is the Royal Victoria Water-lily, which comes from South America, and is named after Queen Victoria, the grandmother of King George (Fig. 3). It has great pink flowers, and huge round leaves like tea-trays, which may be as much as six feet across.

The wonderful orchids are of all sorts of shapes and colours, some being very beautiful and others very funny looking (Fig. 4). There are a good many small kinds in our own country, and in three

of them the flowers look something like bees, butterflies, and flies; so they are called the Bee Orchis, Butterfly Orchis, and Fly Orchis. But the largest and most wonderful grow on trees



FIG. 4. ORCHIDS.

in the wild forests of the hot parts of the world.

Water boiled with neither
Fire nor Pan.

TAKE a piece of fairly stout iron wire, and form the one end into a ring of some three inches diameter. Shape the other end into four or five turns of a helix of diameter equal to that of the candle which is to be used as the source of heat. This is best done by wrapping it round a wooden

down so as to form a concave cup into which some water is poured. When the candle is lit underneath the flat paper pan the water contents will soon boil.

An even simpler way of boiling a little water is to put it in a funnel-shaped roll of paper, with the pointed end closed by a slight fold—what is known in Scotland as a “sweetie-poke”—and hold this over a gas or



cylinder of about the same section as the candle. Arrange the connecting part of the wire so that when the helix slips over the candle the ring will be horizontal, and an inch or two above the wick. We have got our source of heat and retort stand.

The pan in which the water is to be boiled is simply a disk of stout paper, nearly twice the diameter of the ring. This is set over the ring, and pushed

candle flame. The water prevents the heat of the flame from setting fire to the paper.

THE world goes up and the world goes
down,

And the sunshine follows the rain ;
And yesterday's sneer and yesterday's
frown

Can never come over again.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

A Ladylike Descent.

"FRANCES," said the little girl's mother, who was entertaining visitors, "you came downstairs so noisily that you could be heard all over the house. Now go back and come downstairs like a lady."

After a few moments Frances re-entered the room.

"Did you hear me come downstairs this time, mother?" she asked.

"No, dear; I am glad you came down quietly. Tell these ladies how you managed to come down like a lady the second time, when the first time you made so much noise."

"The second time I slid down the banisters," explained Frances.

On Duty Elsewhere.

AN Irish soldier had lost an eye in a battle, but was allowed to continue in the service on consenting to have a glass eye in its place. One day, however, he appeared on parade without his artificial eye.

"Nolan," said the officer, "you are not properly dressed. Why is your artificial eye not in its place?"

"Sure, sir," replied Nolan, "I left it in me box to keep an eye on me kit while I'm on parade."

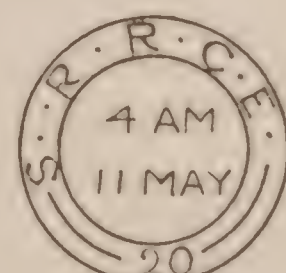
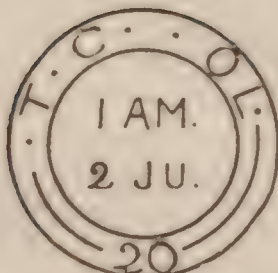
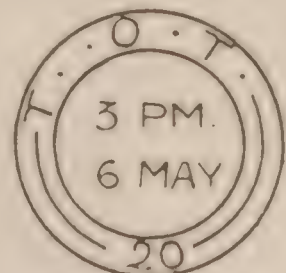
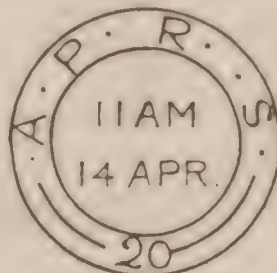
Do You know This?

CAN you write "new door" in one word?

It is really easy enough.

You will find that you use exactly the same letters.

Postmark Competition.



The Postmarks above indicate the names of six towns. The Editor offers two prizes for the two most correct and the neatest answers. This competition is open to all ages up to sixteen.

*THE SERIAL STORY.*Smugglers' Island and the
Devil Fires of San Moros.

BY CLARISSA A. KNEELAND.

CHAPTER VII.

DELBERT'S BIG GAME.

MARIAN now began to study very earnestly on the spinning and weaving problem. Rabbit-skin clothing was very unsatisfactory, as were the crocheted fibre things, too, though for different reasons, but little King Davd's misfortune had simply wiped every other kind out of existence. What with bandages and towels, there was not one single thin, worn garment left, only a little pile of frayed rags. Marian took her swim at night now. It was imperative that new clothes be acquired in some way, and she thought and thought, and was just beginning to see light on the subject when Esther came tearing in one morning, breathless and dishevelled, to announce that Delbert had killed his deer.

His sisters could scarcely credit the story, but Marian took the path straightway, leaving Jennie to keep Davie company, and give him his frequently demanded drinks of water, and dampen his bandages, and see if he had remembered from yesterday the little words written on the big clamshell. Marian found Delbert dancing a veritable waltz round a fair-sized buck. The thing had happened almost as far back as Little Pig Cove, where Davie

had fallen, and, in a way, the two occurrences were somewhat similar.

Delbert and Esther had crept along that morning, as luck would have it, in time to witness a very serious disagreement between two bucks. The wind was in their favour; otherwise they might not have got quite so close to where the two were struggling together.

Perhaps one of them had thought they should cross the pasture on the level land, perhaps the other wanted the herd to hunt *pangles* among the rocks. Delbert never knew what the quarrel was about. He had read of such things, but this was his first chance to see anything of the sort. His blood leaped and his eyes sparkled. Esther, a little behind him, practically inclined, fitted an arrow to her bow and shot. In her excitement the shaft went wide of the mark; so much so that no one, not even the deer, noticed it at all—a result which so sobered her that she did not try again. Delbert was actually forgetting to shoot at all, which Esther afterwards declared was worse than shooting and missing, even as wildly as she had.

But the stronger of the two bucks was beginning to push the other about, and in the scuffle they worked nearer and nearer to the edge of the rocks, though it is hardly likely this was other than accidental. Probably they were so taken up with their tussle that they did not notice where they were going. But presently a rock loosened and slipped, and then, before they could realize what was happening, a great mass of rocks and earth and bushes

fell thundering down the steep to the level strip below.

Esther screamed and ran back ; the group of deer which had been watching the combat also fled, and did not stop till they had reached the safety of the farther pasture. One of the fighting bucks was able to spring back and save himself, and he fled with the rest, but the other one went down with the avalanche.

Delbert, with a shout, ran forward and began clambering down where it was not so steep and appeared to be perfectly safe. In a minute he could see the buck struggling to free himself from the mass of débris. Even then he did not think of the trusty bow and arrows he had taken such pains with for this very occasion, but, pulling out his long knife, he ran forward, and by the time Esther had scrambled down beside him, the deer had ceased to kick, and Delbert was tugging at the rocks that still partly covered it. He sent her post-haste for Marian, and when they got back to him, he had the deer pulled out on a clear space and was already beginning to skin it.

Neither of them knew a thing about cutting up such an animal except what they dimly remembered used to be done at "Grandpa's" at hog-butcher-ing time, but they managed to get the skin off after a fashion, and they chopped and cut away at the rest, breaking the bones with a stone or the hatchet when they could not find a joint.

The discarded parts they would leave there, for it was too far to carry them to the watermelon-patch for

fertilizer, and there were plenty of the scavengers of the sea waiting for them to go, so that they could clean up after them. The good meat they tied up in the skin, and they swung it on a pole and carried it home between them, Esther carrying the hatchet and knives.

It was past noon when, blood-stained and weary, they arrived at the wickiup. Jennie was getting anxious, and Davie was decidedly fretful. Delbert was then sent out to the salt reef to bring back all the salt that was there. They would need it, besides what they already had in the wickiup, for Marian was determined not to lose a bit of that meat. She cleaned up the pail and hung it over the fire too, for the kettle would not hold all the bones. Some of the ribs were put to roast immediately, and then she set to work cutting up and salting and hanging up to dry. They stretched a line out in the sun and hung the pieces over that.

The skin would fill several long-felt wants, one of which was to provide Marian with sandals. Her leather ones had worn entirely out, and she had tried fibre ones without much success ; she had even tried wooden ones.

Before that meat was half gone—and they ate with true Indian appetites—Delbert had determined to go after pork. There was a certain place on the farther end of the island where the pigs were pretty apt to be found, especially in the heat of the day. It was back from the shore, but low. In fact, it was a lagoon of water in the rainy season and contained water till near the rains again. In one or two

places the fresh water oozed out all the year round. It was here that the young hunter proposed to make his attack.

The boy's idea was certainly novel. Good as his new bow and arrows were, he did not really suppose he could kill a hog with them except by accident. Perhaps a shot through the eye would be fatal—he was not sure—but if one was merely wounded there was danger of the rest showing fight, and—well, Delbert proposed to take no chances.

So where the big rocks, solid as the Island itself, overhung the bushes and little pools below, he would establish himself. Here he would be where the game could not get at him without making a detour of a quarter of a mile or so, and, after he had cut some brush and piled it properly, they could not see him either.

So with his hair rope he made a trap or snare across a much-used pig path, the rope running up over a crude but strong pulley and being tied about a good-sized cactus in the rocks above. With the butcher knife lashed to the end of a good stout pole and several such implements by his side, he sat and waited patiently.

When it became pretty warm, the pigs assembled by the lagoon to drink and wallow in the mud. Before so very long the Muggywah appeared, with Jennie and Esther on board. They moored her out a little way and waded in. Quietly they drove the herd up toward the rocks and bushes, for, though not what could be called wild, the pigs would not permit a

close approach. Presently one of them poked his nose through Delbert's waiting noose, and Delbert fairly held his breath till he stepped on, and then he gave a mighty jerk and began hauling in his rope over the pulley. He had caught the porker at the back of one front leg, and the astonishment of that pig and his companions when he was thus lifted bodily into the air was enough, Delbert afterwards said, to pay him for all his trouble.

From behind his screen of rocks and bushes he pulled the squealing animal up till he could reach him with a sort of shepherd's crook he had provided himself with; whereupon he fastened the rope and pulled the pig in out of the sight of its companions and dispatched it.

At the first squeal the girls had retreated most hastily to the Muggywah and pushed off, paddling back till they were well out of sight of the herd of pigs, when they moored the craft again, this time to a rock on shore, and, ascending the hill, circled round back till they found Delbert cutting up the game.

They did by it as they had done by the deer—skinned it and carried the meat home tied up in the skin slung over a pole. They had a stick with a fork at one end, so each of the girls could take a fork, and Delbert managed the other end.

The pork when killed was cured with salt (evaporated from sea water) and smoke. Marian did not have very good success with the last method, yet she managed it after a fashion. First she tried smoking the meat by

hanging it over their chimney, but that was too hot, for it cooked it as well as smoked it and fried out all the grease too. But she did better when she built a smokehouse, where a tiny fire discharged its smoke through a tunnel in a bank that terminated in a little cubby-hole affair of sticks and rocks, where the meat was laid. They called it a smokehouse. It was a sort of doll smokehouse. The meat was always cut in rather small pieces and well salted, for Marian had a horror of spoilt meat.

Soap was also attempted—staggered at, Marian said. She knew little about it, but had seen Bobbie's mother making it, and she happened to know that ashes contained lye. The bottom of the wickerwork around the good demijohn had worn clean through. Marian carefully broke it away at the neck as well and took it off entirely. Then, tipping it upside down, she had a basket forsooth. She lined the sides with green banana leaves and filled it full of ashes.

She rigged it up where she could slip under it the old broken demijohn they had found in the cove and had used so much, which would hold about a gallon. Then she poured a little water on the ashes, and when that soaked in, a little more, and kept it up till she had it dripping through into the old demijohn below. Thus she leached out her lye. And if it did not seem very strong, she could boil it down in the porcelain kettle, which was the only thing she had that she dared use for that purpose, though she could boil things and even fry out her grease in Mr. Cunningham's pail.

When the lye was stout enough to suit her, she put it into the two-quart glass jar or the bottles, and finally she started in with the soap-making.

What did harden she cut into cakes and put on a shelf to dry. And what would not harden she put into broken bottles or shells or hollowed-out pieces of wood, but it was black in colour and smelled like nothing in the world but very strong-smelling soap; but it would make a lather, after a fashion, and would take out dirt and grease.

(To be continued.)

Two Nuts to crack.

I.

I ASKED, "Little boy, what do you do in summer and winter, the happy year through?"

Very politely he said, "I one, two."

"Indeed," I replied, "I am sure that is true.

I wish I'd some marbles, I'd give them to you."

Politely he answered, "I have a one, two."

As I bade him good-bye, I asked if he knew

Who kept the fine shop painted red, white, and blue.

Politely he answered, "Oh yes, the one, two."

II.

What part of the eye

Shall we surely show.

If separated by a blow?

[The Editor offers a book prize for the correct and neatest solution.]

Rules for Competitors.

COMPETITORS *must* attend to the following rules:—

1. Subject to the age limits, you may enter for any or all of the competitions, but you must attach to your answers one Competition Form cut from the current number of the paper. The Competition Form will be found on page 140. No answers will be considered unless accompanied by this Competition Form. It must be filled up as directed.

2. A Competition Form *must be attached to one* of the papers sent in by each competitor. Other competitions entered must have the name, address, and age of the sender written distinctly upon them.

3. Care should be taken with *writing* and *neatness*, as these will be taken into consideration in judging all competitions.

4. Address your answers to "Aunt Mary," *Children's Paper*, c/o Thomas Nelson and Sons, Ltd., Parkside Works, Edinburgh.

5. No answers will be received later than July 15.

[We rely upon you to send in your own unaided work.]

Competitions for July.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Competitors must put their full postal address on each competition, and must put a sufficient amount of stamps on their packets before posting; but are requested *not to enclose* stamps for replies, as these can in no case be sent.

In each Competition the Editor offers three prizes.

For all Ages up to Sixteen.

ESSAY COMPETITION.

Imagine you are a motor car, and tell the story of a day in your life. (Not to exceed 250 words.)

AGE COMPETITION.

When Bobby's teacher asked him his age, he saw an opportunity to display his cleverness at figures, so he answered,—

"When I was born, my sister was a fourth as old as my mother. She is now a third as old as my father, and my own age is a fourth of my mother's. In four years I shall be a fourth as old as my father."

How old was Bobby Brown, and how old were his father, mother, and sister?

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A).

Make a drawing (a little larger) of page 1 of cover, and colour it either with water colours or chalks.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (A).

Tell in your own words the story of how Paul was received on his first return to Jerusalem after his conversion.

For Children under Twelve only.

COMPOSITION COMPETITION.

Tell in your own words the story of *The Old Clock of Prague*, on page 128.

JUMBLED LETTER COMPETITION.

Sneeavesimnitiahtscit is a well-known proverb.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B).

Make a drawing of a rowing boat, and colour it either with water colours or chalks.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (B).

Tell in your own words the story of Moses and the Burning Bush.

For Children under Ten only.

LETTER COMPETITION.

Write a letter to Aunt Mary, and tell her what you would do with a pound if you had it.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (C).

Make a drawing of a bee, and colour it either with water colours or chalks.

MOTTO COMPETITION.

The Editor invites all to enter this competition. A book prize will be given for the motto which is published in the paper. Each motto should have the name of the author from whom the quotation is taken.

Prize List for May.

ESSAY COMPETITION.

1. Freda Combe, Hollist, Midhurst, Essex. 2. Harry Blakemore, Kemberton School, Shifnal. 3. Amy Riley, Kilsyth Academy, Stirlingshire.
Honourable Mention.—Donald Gould, Gartsherrie, Shirley Road, Southampton; Nellie Turner and Minnie Hammond, Kemberton School, Shifnal; Lottie Pell and Doris Matthews, Ratcliffe-on-the-Wreake School, near Leicester; Eva Richardson, 8 St. Mark's Street, Woodhouse Lane, Leeds.

CHANGEABLE COLOURS COMPETITION.

1. Geraldine Bickerton, 126 Magdalen Road, Oxford. 2. Joan Watson, 4 Cramer Terrace,

Our Prize List.

Gateshead-on-Tyne. 3. Annie M'Intyre, The Hythe, Motherwell.

Honourable Mention.—Mary Morton, 33 Campbell Avenue, Langside, Glasgow; Mary Gumbleton, Huntcliffe, Bexley, Kent; Edward Macmillan, 6 Victoria Street, Alloa; Maudie Thompson, Eirene School, Whitehead, Co. Antrim.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A).

1. Dorothy Knowles, 41 Ella Street, Blackman Lane, Leeds. 2. Lillias Robb, 81 Irvine Place, Aberdeen. 3. Phyllis Child, 69 Priory Avenue, High Wycombe.

Honourable Mention.—Mollie Brooke, 39 St. Mark's Road, Leeds; Irene Stevens, 3 Kersal Gardens, Kersal, Manchester; Florence Dodd, Clifford Chambers, Stratford-on-Avon; Cecilia Pattison, Green Mount, Grimshaw Lane, Bollington, near Macclesfield.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (A).

1. Beryl Stevens, 3 Kersal Gardens, Kersal, Manchester. 2. Katharine Gauld, 32 Belgrave Terrace, Aberdeen. 3. Connie Watling, Burnside, Easebourne, Midhurst.

Honourable Mention.—Agnes Forsyth, Woodbine, Corstorphine; Winnie MacCarthy, 2 Cinema Terrace, Honiton, Devon; Evelyn Newman and Irene Poate, St. Dominic's School, Dovercourt Bay; J. D. M'Intyre, "Margretta," Overlea Road, Clarkston, Busby.

COMPOSITION COMPETITION.

1. Ivy Brown, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge. 2. Ian Ireland, 18 Braid Crescent, Edinburgh. 3. Marjorie Newman, 32 Barwis Hill, Penzance.

Honourable Mention.—Florrie Budgen, St. Dominic's School, Dovercourt; Mabel Laity, 39 Caldwells Road, Penzance; Margaret Jackson and Edwin Hamond, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop; Evelyn Graham, Ratcliffe-on-the-Wreake School, near Leicester.

JUMBLED LETTER PUZZLE.

1. Ada Janes, Ivinghoe Aston School, near Tring. 2. Kathleen Holland, 129 Magdalen Road, Cowley Road, Oxford.

Honourable Mention.—Roy Brayne, Bessie Pope, and Evelyn Edwards, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop; Nessie Spencer, St. Dominic's School, Dovercourt; Violet Fiddler, Ivinghoe Aston School, near Tring.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B).

1. Violet Banks, St. Dominic's School, Dover-

court. 2. Margaret Trembath, Church Girls' School, Totnes. 3. Clarence Dickson, Ivinghoe Aston School, near Tring.

Honourable Mention.—Bertha Atchison, Kilgrain, Coleraine, Co. Derry; Molly Fleming, St. Dominic's School, Dovercourt; Kathleen Rice, Church Girls' School, Totnes; Avelene West, 1 Fairacres Road, Oxford.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (B).

1. Jean Morgan, Vesper Cottage, Lenzie. 2. Henrietta M'Neillage, 15 Bouverie Street, Yoker. 3. William Graham, Victoria Place, Chapelhall, Airdrie.

Honourable Mention.—May Gray, 12 Poldrate, Haddington; Kenneth Dunn, 53 Thistle Street, Aberdeen; Kathleen Annear and Nessie Spencer, St. Dominic's School, Dovercourt; Mary Mooney, 43 Duke Street, Glasgow.

WRITING COMPETITION.

1. Kathleen Garrett, 6 Hertford Street, Oxford. 2. Catherine Davie, 190 Bantonsfield Place, Edinburgh. 3. Elsie Ross, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester.

Honourable Mention.—Margaret Barron, 11 Chalmers Crescent, Corstorphine; James Willets, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton; Margaret Young, Ratcliffe-on-Wreake School, Leicester; Tom Edmiston, 14 Hutton Drive, South Govan, Glasgow.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (C).

1. Eric Matthews, Ratcliffe-on-the-Wreake School, Leicester. 2. Cuthbert Mardell, Hopebrook Farm, Ivinghoe Aston, near Tring. 3. Derek Bradshaw, Blair Villa, Lenzie.

Honourable Mention.—Elsie Cole, 103 Hertford, Sandport, Portsmouth; Marion Codd, Church Girls' School, Totnes; Mary Cellars, Ella Cottage, Kingskettle; John Roberts, The Eachway, Rednal, Birmingham.

POSTMARK COMPETITION.

1. Ernest Parkhill, Waverley Terrace, Coleraine, Co. Derry. 2. Thomas Brayne, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop.

Honourable Mention.—Winnie Bristow, Ivinghoe Aston School, Tring; James Carson, 9 Market Street, Lurgan, Ireland; Winnie Mason, 259 Cardigan Terrace, Gateshead.

The towns were: Vienna, Madras, Peking, Cairo, Boston, Lyons.

CHILDREN'S PAPER COMPETITION FORM.

July.

Name.....

Age last Birthday.....

Address.....

Cut this out and attach it to any papers you may send in for Competition.



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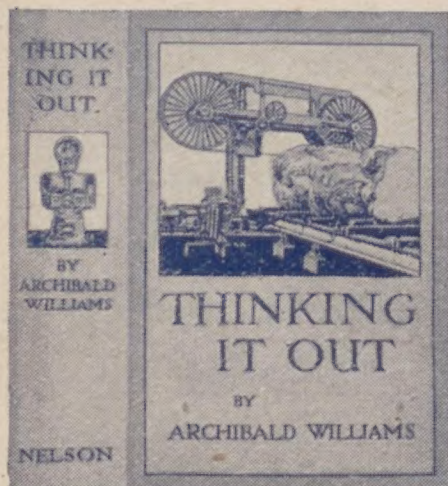
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